



THE ALIENATED ONE

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LAYMON



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THE ALIENATED ONE



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THE ALIENATED ONE

aka Dick 'Fastbuck' Laymon's quickfuck, or,

THE LONELY ONE Part II

a cfmceroz book

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For Dan West

Doreen the Peen Queen, lol, she sure liked getting poked hard in any hole, to judge by the free porno videos Jimmy Junior seen on the internet when Mama weren't around. When she went out to get her fresh airs. Lord have mercy, one in the butt, one in the pooter, one in the mouth, one in each ear, & a bunch of other dudes all waiting in a circle jerkoff gruntin along to her randy-rumpassed terdcutter gaping like a whale's blowhole. What a woman, that Peen Queen, how's she do it, Jimmy Junior wondered as he whacked it, thinkin about fuckin Moby Dick in his damn blow hole till he make those strange underwater bloopity bloop whalesounds, yeah, Yeah, Jimmy Junior huffed, YEAH, I'm fuckin a whale, I'll fuck this whale to death, I'll fuck all the whales in the world, I'll fuckem extinct, YEAH, YEAH! YEA—

WHAM! the gate down front slammed earlier than anticipated & Jimmy Junior went into emergency mode, hiding his blueballed erection back in his pants & turning off the porno screen on his computer real quick, replacing it with some innocuous God loving government stuff about the War as Mama came back into the apartment.

“Oh Jimmy Junior, why are you lookin on that internet again, you know the internet done warped your mind already,” she said right away.

“Fuck you, Mama,” Jimmy Junior said, “This shit is important White Man business, it ain’t none of your dumbass old business. G’wan get the fuck outta here,”

Mama sighed & went in the bedroom.

Jimmy Junior was frankly a little unsure about the Peen Queen, who he’d only

recently discovered online, & was just starting to finally recognize in his dim brains as that one chick Make America Great Again Ron had tried to bang down at the boardwalk last year before he became Fully Crazy MAGA Ron.

Indeed, Jimmy Junior had mostly been avoiding the fuck outta good old Ronnie boy as hard as possible ever since the incident with the Peen Queen, who, at the time when she had made MAGA Ron turn Fully Crazy one night down on the boardwalk just before Funland closed for the season, was still then only just Doreen, as Jimmy Junior recalled, thoughts running a bit wild, good old Doreen the Vampire, sure it sounds crazy, what do you want, that's why they call him Crazy Ron now, MFer thinks he tried to fuck a vampire & barely escaped with his life. Shrug. Pretty weird.

At first Jimmy Junior thought Ron had just gotten hold of some bad acid & he'd be

all right after a while but, no. Ron was gone and replaced with Crazy Ron. Some damn awful thing or another transpired under the boardwalk that night is all JJ can really say about it for sure. One minute they was playin Galaga in the Arcade, next minute Ron seen that bitch again, and he's off. It ain't the first time JJ played out Ron's mans on a video game while he's off chasin some pussy to grabass on. Shit, they had seen Doreen herself a bunch of times already that summer, but somehow every time Ron tried to chase her down before, he'd straight lost her in the crowds & come back empty, which JJ is always fine with. Lord knows I ain't never get no pussy at all, JJ thought, cause I'm a big fat retard who lives with his Mama in a residential hotel near the Funland amusement boardwalk & everybody calls me Jimmy the Retard on account of I'm a big fat barely literate dummy who loves guns. But I saw that chick Doreen Ron went after, and when he came

back crazy I thought about her some more, and when he stayed crazy then ever since too I been done thought about her some more & again, and if that ain't Doreen taking all them stiff dicks online, it must be her doppelganger.

I don't like it when people say I fuck my Mama cause it ain't true, JJ pondered. Lord knows if it were true I'd confess it to almighty Jesus, and God only knows since Daddy been gone she do done try & fuck me now & then, once she's really extra high on her crack & generic Oxys, but I'm a big dude and No, Mama, I don't want to fuck you, I can handle my own business, I ain't so deadly fat yet I can't even reach my own pecker and look at the internet at the same time, MAMA.

But still & all I don't want Mama to know I'm into this kind of freaky deaky stuff on the world wide web, JJ considered. She don't really fully understand digital

computers, or care to, except to be mean to me and tell me how Nazis is bad and I'll be like, Mama, I'm a full grownass Man, don't try & tell me not to send in my social security number to be an Official Grand Lizard People of the Ezra Q Klan, SEND.

Doreen the Vampire, who made Ron go Jimmy-the-Retard's-own-level batshit in the blink of an eye one terrible night at Funland On The Beach, is now a newly trending gangbang star on the free porno website JJ uses. She already has a half dozen videos. Fuckin wild.

Jimmy Junior considers exactly how to tell Ron. There's no question he won't do so, but he wants to do it right & really enjoy wielding this rare & titanic awesome power, cause to be honest Ron was always pretty mean to JJ before he went crazy. At first when Ron went crazy, JJ thought maybe it was better that way, because he seemed to be taking JJ a lot more seriously than he

ever had before. But then JJ started to notice all the other normal people treating Ron like an even bigger retard than they treat JJ on the mainline regular, & JJ quickly evolved from dubious to frightened as Ron was ostracized by their local bunch of townie assholes, including even his old best MAGA chud pals, & turned his full beams of insanity directly upon JJ. Ron for sure 100% totally true-believer, Koolaid-Comet sneaker-wearin believed that Doreen was a fuckin vampire.

“The bitch had FANGS and she tried to BITE me,” Ron said, sweating. “She kept telling me about all the guys she murdered, and I just thought she was playing hard to get!” he panted in panic. “She was like the fuckin Hulk, Jimmy!” Grabbing JJ’s dirty t-shirt at the shoulders with both hands, “Her eyes turned bright red and she was going to take a fuckin BITE out of me! This cross was the only thing that saved me!” Ron’s shirt that night, ripped, the silver cross on a gold

chain.

Day after it happened, Ron dragged JJ under the pier in broad noonlight to show him exactly where it went down, try to find some evidence. There was a street bum here too, Ron said, nervous, pacing deeper back under the half light of the pier, swatting at flies. There was nobody now, afternoon rolling on, no blood in the sand, nothing unusual. The tide, Ron said, watching the trash come & go on the surf.

Within three days people were calling him Fully Crazy Ron because he could not stop talking to anyone & everyone about the vampire girl. JJ thought Ron's theories about immigrants and the Aryan bloodline were pretty fascinating, but the vampire stuff was a little much in short order because it was half of the suddenly the only dang thing Ron could talk about. It was as though his mind had just snapped.

By New Year's Ron was like

goddamned Van Helsing, wearing several additional new extra large crucifixes & carrying around a little backpack with a bottle of holy water, garlic cloves, & a hammer with three wooden stakes hand-carved to knifepoints, looking for the vampire chick who tried to suck him under the pier, so he could poke her real good with his big wooden stake, in each hole & proolly some fresh ones. Jimmy Junior frankly could not believe that Ron, a dedicated firearms enthusiast with an admirable collection of unregistered machine guns, would rely on such bunkass creature feature mumbo jumbo instead of a real deal Rambo meal when the going got tough.

“I dunno, Ron, I think you should use your guns. Can’t you get some silver bullets?”

“Jimmy Junior, you are such a damn retard, would you listen to me when I tell

you that I know about vampires. I have been studying the shit out of this stuff on the internet.”

But here it was, almost six months later, first sounds of the new season on the boardwalk, and Doreen the Vampire is Peen Queen of the jackoff scene. Jimmy Junior still can't hardly believe it. He's trying to think of what to say to Ron. “Hey Ron did you know Doreen loves to Suck... A LOT OF DICKS!” LOL that would be a good one, JJ thinks, imagining the Dracula accent he'd affect in stage-delivery.

DING! there's a Ding as JJ gets an email. He gets a lot of spam emails about porno and loves to read every one. But this one's weird, there's no return address or subject or text, just a link. Jimmy Junior knows the link is probably a nasty virus, but as he's about to click Delete a run of jive in the body of the URL catches his eye. The link doesn't even have any normal stuff, it's all

just letters & numbers & even some goddamned weird symbols for fuck's sake. But there in the middle of the giantass link he sees it says, 'NOS4A2doreen666xxx'.

The fuck, Jimmy Junior thinks. Is this a link from Doreen the Peen Queen, he wonders. He's vaguely aware that going to a website allows the website to follow him back too in some way. Did Doreen see him watching her videos and send him an email? It's all too much for Jimmy Junior, and he clicks the link.

With none of the normal prelude of slowly loading juicy boner poppin vids, JJ's screen blinks straight right over to streaming the newest Peen Queen gangbang number, which JJ had in fact just been watching when Mama interrupted him. Fortunately there's no sound at all for some reason, or she'd already have quite an earful. Jimmy Junior wasn't above a Risky Jack, but he didn't dare just at the moment,

while he could still hear his Mama foolin about in the other room. Nonetheless he watched the video climax in a big round of more dudes than he could even count blowing their loads all over Doreen, a true bukake denouement if JJ ever saw one, which he plenty had.

Then.

Doreen looked right at the camera and out the screen into his soul. Her eyes turned red and now she had a mouthful of fangs and the blood splashing quickness with which she buckass-cumcovered-naked killed everyone in the room with her bare hands and teeth was fairly astonishing. The screen suddenly went dark and his computer turned itself dead off.

Jimmy Junior could hardly believe what he had just seen, and almost shit himself, but then he started to think about the horror movies he used to like to watch on Daddy's old VHS tapes now & again and you

know what, he thought, counting backward from ten in his mind, there's a lot of great Hollywood special effects going on these days, and this is probably just some dumbass horror movie stuff, and maybe not even the same girl he had seen Ron chase off on the boardwalk that night he went crazy.

But it sure looks like her in those videos, is what he thinks he thought he remembers she looked like from the beach last summer, and damn if she didn't Vamp out and kill the shit out of all them dudes that gang banged her, right there live onscreen in this brand new exclusive latest clip, some faces of snuff type shit, except it looked a lot more pretty realistic to Jimmy Junior.

POUND! POUND! POUND! came a battering at the front door and Jimmy Junior did in fact honk a little shart afterall. "Jimmy! Quick, open the door! Jimmy! JIMMY JUNIOR!" It was crazy ass Ron, and

judging from the tone of his voice he was extra crazy just at the moment, pounding the door and hollering for Jimmy to let him in.

Jimmy Junior struggled up out of his chair, waddled over to the bedroom, & peeked in on his Mama. She was ass out passed out with the crackpipe next to her on the bed. He went over to the front door, tiptoe quiet as he could, and peeked out the peep hole right as Ron pounded & yelled again, hard enough to rattle the door right up on its hinges and hit Jimmy Junior square in the eyeball.

“OUCH! Damnit Ron, you stupid Ass Hole!” JJ cried in pain, stumbling back rubbing his peepin eye.

“Jimmy Junior you fuckin retard let me the fuck in there God Damn You!” Ron screamed.

“Fuck you, RON, don’t you call ME a

retard! You fuckin screamin-ass, poundin-on-the-door-ass retard your own dang self! YOU'RE the RETARD, RON!"

Suddenly Ron began full on screeching in a very unusually high pitch for typical Ron, & this continued unabated even when Jimmy Junior still rubbing his eyeball started to holler back at him to shut the fuck up, cause don't you know his Mama's sleeping. There was another great & final crash upon the door, not a knock but more like a wrecking ball smash to take the hinges out of the frame and split a crack in the wall. No more screaming, only silence.

"Jimmy... Jimmy Junior..." came Jimmy Junior's Mama's slurred voice from the bedroom.

"Quiet, Mama," Jimmy Junior said over his shoulder, "Go back to sleep, damnit,"

JJ looked at the fucked up door, still more or less closed but now pushed inward,

jammed all wrong & a few inches ajar. It was dead silent now but his ears were still ringing from Ron screaming. This was some unanticipated fucked up shit all right. Jimmy Junior considered calling the police, but the last time his Mama called the police on him they'd said they were going to shoot him dead if they ever had to come back here again, and Jimmy Junior was inclined to take them seriously, because he had seen them shoot a guy last month down by the river near the caves under the cliffs, & he figured if they knew about his gun, which he'd since managed to acquire for his own protection, he'd be in serious trouble, especially on account of retards ain't a'sposed to have guns in California, which surely Supreme Leader Herr Trump would soon rectify like he said he would, MAGA.

But still N all, Jimmy Junior wished he hadn't of just thought about that night on the bank near the sea down past the last glow of rollercoaster neon, because that

was some F'd up Shit, & he had pretty much convinced himself that it was indeed just a rando murderer vagrant that the pigs had filled up full of lead fleeing into the caves on the high side of the river mouth, after he'd killed some white children & tried to get away, but at this moment now he was not sure at all, rather pretty confident in the belief of his own eyes, because what he had hand to Jesus seen that night was an almost nine foot tall, phosphorescent, naked, marbled-white, snouty, long clawed, burning eyed creature with a fooltong pecker writhing like a snake with its own mouth and glowing red eyes, outlined on the ridge above the bay in the fullmoon clearsky fogless moonlight, howling in a pure rage, for all the world it was kinda like the stuffed creature in the Spookhouse on the pier, except hideously drooling alive with glistening slimy rippling skin, twice as big & three times as ugly. He didn't even tell Ron about it. He hadn't even told his Mama.

He told himself the pigs would shoot him too if they knew that he knew, & when he heard the next day about a child rapist killer bum that the cops had shot dead in the river, he decided Yes, that's what the Man said, he saw it, it said so right there in the actual newspaper, no less, and that's how it's gonna be, is what he decided, & that's what he thought. Until tonight, that is, more or less right now.

Jimmy Junior pulled his gun out from under the middle pillow of the couch and tried the smashed door. It took a hard lefthand yank to pull it open, & the outside of the door and adjoining sidewalk were covered in blood, teeth, hair, and, Oh Lord, is that an eyeball? There was no sign of all the entire rest of Ron per se, but Jimmy Junior noticed further & increasingly-widely spaced splatters of gore down the sidewalk into the parking lot, and further out in the road Ron's vampire bag, and pretty sure across the street there was one of his

crucifixes.

“Shee-yit,” Jimmy Junior said. The bloody shit was all dripping on the carpet now too.

DING! there's a Ding as JJ gets another email. His computer has turned itself back on, hard to even believe, cause usually it takes a full ten minutes to turn it on, sometimes longer.

He's afraid to look because, as he looks, of course it is another email from Doreen. Hypnotically, JJ seems to float over to his PC, holding his pistol upright like a good true Space Marine, & Click! goes the link all by itself, immediately casting a rolling collage of Doreen the Vampire murdering the shit out of piles of dudes from her gangbang videos, but the production value of the video has increased significantly, & now the stacked chunks of corpses grow & multiply into broad fields of rolling putrid wet mounds in waves across a ruined alien

landscape ringed with dark, skull-heavy
pyramids topped in the failing yellow light
of a lone candlestar in the voidblack
heavens—

A hand falls on JJ's shoulder. He screams
out of his trance and as he turns he fires,
blowing his Mama's head near clean off
with a smoking boom right between the
eyes.

“Whuuuuuuut!” Jimmy Junior screams
as his Mama collapses beneath a fine spray
of her own brains across the dirty
hotelroom & a chunk of her skull bounces
off the wall. “Whuuuuuuut!”

Moments that seem an eternity later,
Mr. Bates, the property manager, has come
round from out front and pokes his head
across the busted threshold, “Jimmy
Junior?”

Jimmy Junior without hesitation shoots
him right in the face & he falls hard and no-

faced into the gore left out there already from most likely, Ron, adding his own brains to the stinky artisinal blend.

This some bullshit, Jimmy Junior thinks. There's some kind of thing going on in his mind that don't feel right, like somebody else in there, he start to think he should shoot himself in the head, boom for real, but then he hears sirens, and sirens are a bad trigger for Jimmy Junior on account of they make him recall how the police used to tazer his Daddy, and how they said they were going to shoot him too, and how they shot that white space ape with the snakepenis, and he starts thinking very asymmetrically in a way that confuses Doreen's vampire brainwash forcefields long enough for Jimmy Junior to lurch out of the apartment & into the parking lot of his own volition as the police car rolls up. Jimmy Junior starts shooting before the first cop can even get out of the car, but he manages to miss both pigs, who fire back

until they are confident Jimmy Junior is very dead.

"I told that fuckin retard I was gonna shoot him," Officer O'Pigly says, reloading his gun.

"The fuck. Looks like he killed a guy here too," the other cop says, poking Mr. Bates' corpse with his nightstick.

"Better check inside,"

"Oh yeah, look, here's his mother, he killed her too,"

"Fuckin blood all over,"

"Door's fucked up bad,"

"These crazyass retards are powerful,"

"Glad he didn't have any body armor,"

Across the street, at the top of the tallest tree in a dark grove, an unreal bat the size of a small pterodactyl with glowing red eyes rocks gently in the breeze &

finishes eating Ron. She watches the cops go in the room & flies down into the parking lot, scooping up Jimmy Junior & Mr. Bates on her way in after the cops, jamming the door in place behind her in a barely visible falling swoop.

“What’s up, dox,” Doreen says, but in bat monster form it comes out as a series of squeaks & clicks in fax-machine frequency that make no sense at all to the mind boggled cops, who only have a couple of addled seconds to yelp before they’re yanked & chomped to pieces, devoured in wide gulps, all of which is streamed live POV online (subscriber-only premium content) from a micro-camera worn by her familiar, N’Ron, usually (as now) a fly, but sometimes a black cat and, in a pinch, Frankenstein’s monster as portrayed by Boris Karloff. She gobbles up Jimmy Junior & his Mama and Mr. Bates too, then vaporizes into mist & blows out into the night.

BEHIND THE SCREAM

Boner Feature

THE LONELY ONE (1985) is one of the late, great author Richard Laymon's "Fastbacks," single-short horror stories published one at a time as fun little chapbooks. The Lonely One was published before The Lost Boys (1987), and is a prelude to Laymon's own Funland (1989).

THE ALIENATED ONE (2018) is an excerpt from cfMC FEROX's unauthorized Richard Laymon tribute novel about the Beasts in San Francisco, a deranged-universe comment on Laymon's '80s shit-world vs. ours today; this chapter serves also directly as a sequel to The Lonely One.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



